



# THE Phillips Andover MIRROR

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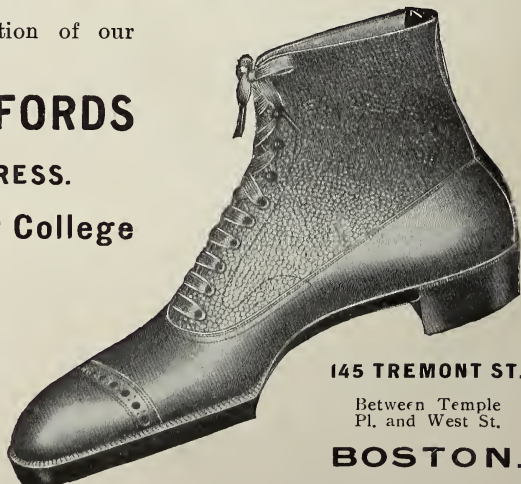
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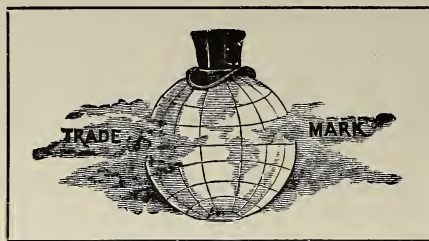
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**The Children of the Chapel Royal in  
the Sixteenth Century.**

(Continued from the last number.)

IN October, 1566, two months after his great success at Oxford, Richard Edwards died, and Will Hunnis, who had been gentleman of the chapel for many years, was sworn in as the next Master of the Children. He was less active as a dramatist than Edwards, his literary activity being more in the line of religious poems and paraphrases with punning alliterative titles, as *Hunnis's Hyve Full of Hunnye*, and *A Handful of Honeysuckles*. He did contribute a *Devise* and a copy of verses to the Princelie Pleasures of Kenilworth, when in the year 1575 Queen Elizabeth visited the famous castle of her favorite Dudley, Earl of Leicester. It is quite possible that some of the children of the chapel presented this *Devise*. But during the first part of Hunnis's mastership few important plays were acted by his boys.

In 1579 or '80, however, a new dramatic writer discovered himself in London, a man of great importance



in the development of the drama, a man destined to be the schoolmaster of Shakespeare in comedy as Marlowe was in tragedy, and one whose fortunes were closely bound up with those of the children's companies. John Lyly was a brilliant, quick-witted young collegian who while waiting to gain some place at court started on a literary career. He seems to have been a follower of Dudley, as Hunnis and Edwards had been. His first and most famous work was the *Euphues*, which created a furor and made its style popular with every courtier and elegant person. Soon after the *Euphues*, Lyly began writing plays in which he employed the witty sort of prose dialogue which gained its piquancy from the style of the *Euphues*. These plays of Lyly's—*Endimion*, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *Gallathea*, *Sapho and Phao*, *Love's Metamorphosis*—were acted by the Chapel Boys and by Paul's Boys. They mark an important step in the growth of the drama. They are refined, scholarly, witty, and graceful beyond anything previously accomplished. The dialogue is especially clever, the turns being deft and sharp, and the new Euphistic style gave distinction and courtly grace to the whole. Moreover, it must be remembered that that period of English literature was very much devoted to allegory, of which Spenser's *Fairy Queen* stands as the most noble example. The queen, her virtues, her suitors, the court intrigues centering about her—these were favorite subjects for allegorical treatment. As early as 1566 Edwards in *Palæmon and Arcyte* had presented an allegorical play hinting at the general desire that Elizabeth should marry. Lyly now followed his example in this series of allegorical plays, touching, for instance, in *Endimion* upon the relations of the Queen and Dudley, and in *Sapho and Phao* upon the suit of the Duc d'Alençon, the French Monsieur with whom Elizabeth had been coquetting. The first of these, *Endimion*, seems to have highly pleased the Queen, the other to have

highly displeased her. As a result of this play of *Sapho and Phao*, not only Lyly was placed under the ban of disfavor, but the Children of the Chapel and Paul's Boys were not allowed to act at court for a number of years. The Paul's Boys seem to have been out of favor, in again, and soon out once more till 1597. The Chapel Children fared worse. There is no record of any performance by them at court for nineteen years—from 1583 till Christmas, 1601—though the Queen's heart seems to have melted toward them in 1597, after which they were allowed to act in public.

For all this period of their history, the evidence is meagre and perplexing; the causes of this long inhibition we can only surmise. Certainly the unfortunate play of *Sapho and Phao* cannot have caused such lasting, Juno-like resentment in the Queen's mind. But whatever the cause, only one play is known to have been given by the Chapel Children during this whole period. It was *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, by Thomas Nash and the great Marlowe.

In 1597, however, matters changed for them; the Queen relented, so that after the long era of silence their voices were heard once more on the public stage and at court. The English drama was in its hey-day: Shakespeare, Jonson, Dekker, Heywood, Marston, George Chapman, and a host of lesser playwrights were at work. The public had gone wild over the theatre, which was become an institution where the national life found its clear and inevitable reflection. Into the midst of the sharp rivalry of four men's companies of actors the reorganized companies of the Chapel Boys and Paul's Boys were launched. Edward Pearce, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, resigned his position to become master of the troupe of Paul's. Hunnis was now dead and Nathaniel Giles, the new Master of Song, was granted a warrant to take up singing boys wherever they might be come upon. The

Chapel Children began to act in a new public theatre at Blackfriars, where they became so popular that the men's companies were almost driven out of business, a state of affairs which Shakespeare makes plain in a notable passage in *Hamlet*, where he takes occasion to have the prince question Rosencrantz about the players who are to entertain him.

*Ham.* What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? Their residence (i.e. their playing in the city) both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innoyation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases (i. e. little eaglets) that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and they so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains 'em? will they pursue the quality (i. e. the acting profession) no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. \* \* \*

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guild.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Such a passage as this opens our eyes to the stir made in the theatric world by the children's companies, "little eyases," and shows how deeply their popularity cut into the receipts of the men's troupes. Gentlemen scarce dared to go to the regular theatres, such shafts

of ridicule were darted at the "common stage" by the writers for the boys.

The sixteenth century closed with the Chapel Boys in the full career of popularity. The years which immediately followed saw them engaged in a smart rivalry with the Paul's Boys in presenting plays in what has been called the stage war. This was a quarrel between awkward, pedantic, overbearing but admirable Ben Jonson, and the flighty and ambitious Marston. Marston and Dekker and their friends put on the stage a series of plays satirizing Jonson, who returned blow for blow and somewhat to boot. But this subject of the stage quarrel is an intricate one, besides leading us beyond our limit into the seventeenth century. It is enough to add that the Paul's Boys were the spokesmen of Marston's side, the Chapel Children of Jonson's.

The acting of children in plays was not long to continue. For many years there had been growing objection to it on the part of Puritans. They considered the acting of boys connected with divine service as a heinous offence against morality. Parents objected seriously to having their children taken away to court on warrant and corrupted by play acting, till at length in a warrant of 1618 King James made the proviso that no children taken up by the master should be trained to act any play, comedy, or interlude.

One point remains for me to mention,—the effect of the children's companies upon the English drama. As Professor George P. Baker has pointed out, the fact that from the sixties on for twenty years these children's companies acted many of the most important plays tended to develop in the drama certain qualities. In the first place, this fact gave to the drama a delicate fineness of sentiment, a strain of moral and artistic sweetness, that it would otherwise have lacked. The plays of Lyly show this refining influence more than those of Edwards, and in Shakespeare it is manifest



again and again. Moreover, besides this fineness and purity the drama gained a lyrical tone which was of the highest importance. When every actor in the cast was a trained singer, what an inspiration the dramatist must have felt to give his lyric genius free scope and crowd his play with songs! Not only are the pieces acted by these children—the plays of Edwards, Lyly, and Peele—full of lyrics scattered here and there, but throughout some of them there is a suggestion of a subtle bird-note element, a pure vocal sweetness, in the verse of the play proper. Who can say that Shakespeare in writing those marvelous lines beginning,

“The quality of mercy is not strain’d,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath;”

did not have in his ears the music of the clear-toned voice of the boy actor who was to be his Portia? And so in Juliet’s balcony scene one hears in the melody of the verse the perfection of those tones which writers for the choir-boy actors had long been developing in their plays.

THE END.

*Walter Y. Durand.*

## Tales of the Neutral Inn.

[Note.—There is still standing in Hereford County, New Jersey, an old weather-beaten inn, built long before the Revolution, and which during the war was used jointly by the Americans and British as a meeting place where conferences and parleys were held. The host named his hostelry, “The Sign of the Neutral Arms,” and frequently the officers of both sides met there on cold wintry nights and feasted, caroused and told stories with the greatest amicability possible.]

### TALE THE FOURTH.

Several weeks had passed since the last meeting of the four officers, when one cold winter evening the door of the Neutral Inn was thrown open and the young American captain entered. His uniform was covered with blood and his left arm hung useless by his side, while his eyes, though there was still a spark of the flame of battle in them, were sorrowful. In fact his whole figure was expressive of great sadness. He did not stand erect as he usually did, for his head was bent forward and his eyes were fixed on the ground. The landlord, on his way to greet his guest, alarmed by these signs of a recent conflict and by the stern expression of the soldier's eyes, had stopped short in the middle of the room, his anxiety for his own safety clearly shown in every line of his fat, flabby face. For once he even forgot his cringing manner, which had become almost a second nature to him. When, however, this anxiety had almost disappeared it took the form of a certain self-assurance entirely out of keeping with his character. This in turn went away, however, as the soldier strode by him without paying any attention to him, and *the man* became once more *mine host*. With his old army cloak still thrown over his shoulders, the captain sat down at a familiar table placed before the great open fireplace and bowing his head in his arms he waited for his friends.

At last the British officer and his Hessian friend arrived and silently took their seats. Though they too

had seemed very sad when they first entered, they had showed an eagerness which betrayed some great hope; but when they saw their friend's position at the table and when their eager looks elicited no reply, the hopeful expression faded from their eyes. At last the Englishman broke the silence.

"We have guessed the worst," he said slowly, at the same time staring into the fire. The inflection of his voice made this sentence almost a question, and yet one whose answer he knew only too well. The American took it in this way, for he did not reply.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE RING.

At last he raised his head from his arms and turning to his companions sadly said, "Yes, our little French friend is dead. You saw the cavalry charge in the skirmish the first time when I was thrown from my horse, didn't you?" The other two nodded and he continued, "He jumped from his horse to rescue me and was struck down. Luckily I was unhurt except for a cut on the arm, and when you had retreated, with the help of one of my comrades, I carried him off the field. He lived for about half an hour after we reached my tent, for I had him taken there, and meanwhile he gave me a few instructions about telling his mother. Queer as it may seem that when on the point of death he should think about a thing of such slight importance, he caught sight of this ring which I have worn ever since I can remember. He was very weak then from loss of blood, and the wound in his side was very painful, but he was perfectly sane. He motioned for me to come to the side of the bed, and he reached for my hand as I stood there. Taking it in his he examined the design of the ring very carefully. He seemed very much puzzled by something and tried to sit up to look at it more closely, at the same time asking me brokenly

to tell him where I got it. The effort was too much and he sank back. Then I knew that the end was near and forgot all about his question, but he had not, for he was still looking at the ring. Suddenly he seemed to have solved the mystery, for he smiled happily. For a minute I thought that after all there might be some hope and I took his hand in mine again. The fight, however, was almost over now, for his fingers were very cold, but for a few minutes he lingered; then passed quietly away.

I inquired among his comrades about notifying his mother, but no one knew where she lived. At last I was forced to open some letters which I found among his belongings, and among them was one from his grandfather. It was well written, what little I could make out of it, for of course it was French, but most of it has nothing to do with our story. In one part however he said, 'My son, remember you have a debt to pay some Englishman. Although the time will probably never come when you will have the opportunity to do so, nevertheless always be on the look for the ring with our coat-of-arms on it. The ring will be exactly like yours.'

I remembered laying the one which he wore away for safe keeping and so I went and got it immediately. The design seemed strangely familiar, and for a minute I could not think where I had seen such a one before. I suppose I was thinking more about our poor friend just then than anything else. Suddenly, however, I realized that the ring which I wore, and which he had been looking at only that morning, was just like the one which I now held in my hand. The rest of the solution was easy enough.

As a boy there was nothing I liked better than to sit and listen to the stories which my grandfather used to tell. He would tell good ones, too. One of them in particular, however, I never grew tired of hearing, and



I am going to tell you that one now. It was a story of one of our ancestors, we will call him Sir Roger, who fought with 'Good King Henry' at Agincourt.

It was between Crécy and Calais that the French, fifty thousand strong, met the English invaders, who had only eight thousand. The French had to cross a field which had been made so miry by a heavy rain the night before that the horses sank very deep in the mud at every step. Nevertheless, it must have been a grand sight to see those fifty thousand heavily armed knights with waving plumes, banners unfurled and lances in rest, charging, although I don't believe the thin ranks of English knights and archers enjoyed the sight particularly. The arrows, however, did their work, and threw the crowded mass of knights into confusion, while the sharpened stakes which had been driven into the ground in front of each archer by the King's order did the rest.

Now Henry's troops rushed forward to the attack, and falling on the enemy with a shout soon put them to flight. No one in the French ranks could fight well because of the crowd of his comrades around him, and although a few stood against the charge for a time, soon the English were complete masters of the field. Of course Sir Roger joined in the pursuit, and for a time he kept with the main body of the troops, but finally he became separated from them. Almost before he knew it, he found himself in a great wood, and not knowing where he was he started to return over the same way by which he had come. Suddenly hearing a shout and a clash of swords, he spurred his tired horse in the direction from which the sound came and soon found himself in a large clearing. On the opposite side of this space he saw a party of four men attacking a wounded knight, who with his back against a tree was bravely defending himself. Without a moment's hesitation, he charged on the four men, who,

taken by surprise, turned and fled, leaving the two knights alone.

Then, and then only, did Sir Roger see that the man he had rescued was a Frenchman. The latter, as soon as he perceived of what nationality his rescuer was, held out his sword to him, saying in broken English, 'Monsieur, you have saved my life. I surrender. Here is my sword.' Sir Roger knew a brave man when he saw him, however, and declined to take it. 'At least,' begged the Frenchman, 'take this ring as a remembrance, and if ever any of my family have an opportunity to aid you or yours, I feel assured that they will not hesitate to do so.' With that he handed the Englishman this ring, and so they parted after the Frenchman had given profuse thanks to his rescuer. Gentlemen, they also told each other their names, and our little Frenchman bears the name of the man whom Sir Roger rescued."

*Walter Richardson, '04.*

## The Governor's Nephew.

IT was a typical Mexican day. The sun which was just touching the horizon in one last lurid glare had been beating down with remorseless fury on the cacti-covered hills till every ravine was a perfect oven, and the snow-capped mountains forming what appeared to be a solid wall of rock seemed the only cool places as far as the eye could reach. Down one deep ravine flowed a small stream of water fed by the melting snows on the distant mountains, and it was by the side of this brook, on a great boulder, probably rolled down by some spring torrent, that a man dressed in the proverbial slouch hat and corduroy trousers sat. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and listened intently for a minute, then gave a peculiar call something like a Swiss yodel. As he sat down again there was an answering call, and a short time after two men emerged from the underbrush which grew on the sides of the ravine. They all shook hands solemnly, and then the one who sat on the rock began to explain the situation.

"I want your assistance on a very dangerous enterprise," he said in Spanish. "If it turns out in the wrong way, we may swing for it, but otherwise we will gain a large sum of money. The Indians up in the Province of Durango are becoming restless and, as you know, the troops will not fight without pay, so the Governor is going to send a large amount of gold up to his officers so that they may be prepared when the outbreak occurs. The convoy is to be composed of six men, and if we can dispose of these the booty will be ours. Why not lie in ambush in this gulch, which is the only way they can pass through to the mountains?" His companions nodded approval and he continued, "The only real difficulty will be the Governor's nephew, who is in charge of the convoy and is so experienced in these affairs that I am very much afraid of what he

may do. It will be almost impossible to catch him, for he does not accompany his men, but watches their proceedings secretly. We can never be sure of finding where he is as he continually shifts his position with regard to the convoy."

Night had fallen by this time and the air had suddenly become cool, in fact almost chilly, as is usual in tropical countries, but after lighting a small fire they continued their discussion. Far into the night they talked and the fire died down, but still the ashes glowed dully and indistinctly.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun burned mercilessly out of the cloudless sky. It penetrated even beneath the deep shadow of the thicket where the three men lay, with their long rifles pointing down the gorge. They had remained nearly motionless for hours while they strained their eyes and their ears, and every muscle was tense.

At last six horsemen appeared, riding up the valley two by two. They came on slowly, for their horse were nearly spent. When they were opposite the thicket there were three shots in rapid succession, and the two foremost fell heavily to the ground. The rest halted, and stared wildly about them. Three more shots left but one man. Leaping from his horse, he fired twice toward the thicket, and then pitched forward on his face. But the robbers did not move from their hiding place. On the contrary, they remained absolutely quiet. Hour after hour they waited, and when the sun had set, and darkness was stealing over the hillside, they cautiously crawled out, and crept down to the scene of combat. After a short search they found the money. There was even more than they had hoped for. They then dug a deep trench, and buried all signs of the convoy, and in the deepening twilight they returned to the thicket to watch further. But for the next day or two they watched and saw nothing.



The third day they left their place of concealment and began their flight. They had ridden several miles, when the first glow of dawn spread across the sky from the east. They paid no attention to the glorious sunrise, but rode on silently. The sun had risen, and they had reached an open plain, when they espied a solitary horseman coming towards them, and as he was alone it seemed safe to ride ahead. On examination he proved to be a powerful young fellow with black hair and mustache. He was hurrying along at a terrific pace, and it was with difficulty that he pulled up as he neared them. He spoke hastily; there had been a massacre of the settlers by the Indians; the neighboring village had been burned to the ground, and the men killed. Would they not aid in pursuing the murderers? No, they said, they would not. They were going toward the east, and had no time to spare. "How fortunate. That is the way to the village," he said. And so they reluctantly consented.

In a short time the smouldering village was disclosed to their view. The wailing women and the ruined homes were a melancholy sight. At the village they were joined by another man who informed them that the pursuing party which they had hoped to join had gone on before them. On hearing this the robbers, preferring to be alone, at first refused to continue any further, but finally they consented. It was the right direction, and this way of traveling excited little or no suspicion. The young stranger led the way and they followed all the afternoon; nor did they make the usual stop at sunset, but rode on across the plains under the starlight.

At last, toward midnight, they threw themselves from their horses, and rolling up in their blankets were soon sound asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly one of the three robbers awoke. Some one

was holding him down firmly, and a gag was quickly forced into his mouth. Almost before he knew what was being done he was bound hand and foot, and a minute later the others were disposed of in a similar way. To be sure they found when they awoke that the sun was shining brightly and the sky above them was as clear and beautiful as the day before, but they could not move hand or foot, and above them stood the young stranger.

"I am the Governor's nephew," he said, while they, looking silently at each other, understood.

*W. M. Ford, '04.*



ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

I won my love by force of arms,  
And from the duel's threatened harms  
Emerged the victor of the fray.  
But when I sought my court to pay,  
She turned her face aside from me  
And called my valor cruelty.  
However, love was not dismayed  
And so unto myself I said:  
"Courage again! The fray's not done,  
Another battle must be won,  
Whose victory I soon shall taste  
By force of arms—about her waist.

*—Amherst Lit.*

## Mirage.

### A DAILY OCCURRENCE.

The boy stood in the "Dining Hall"  
Whence all but he had fled,  
He held a teacup in his hand  
And gorged himself with bread;  
No easy chair could rest him there,  
He had no time to sit,  
His reason shall be given you  
When time and place are fit.  
Beside him on the table wide  
Was food both rich and rare,  
He saw it here, he saw it there,  
He saw it everywhere;  
Then casting over all his eye,  
His heart gave forth this touching cry,  
"Alas, it now is twenty to—  
And I must leave here mighty soon  
Or else must go and see this noon  
The gentle registrar;  
So fare thee well thou tender steak,  
Thou beans, Oh fare thee well,  
For far away across the hill  
I hear the chapel bell."

*By H. C. B.*



### HIS RETURN, AN ANDOVER EPISODE.

It was a beautiful June afternoon in the year 1874 that John ———, otherwise known as "Shorty" because of his six feet some odd inches, sat in his room with his book before him on the desk. For the past half hour he had been trying to fix his mind on studying long enough to know enough to bluff the instructor. During the three years he had been at Andover he had studied just enough to drag through and now when he knew that if he did not improve he would have to leave old Phillips he found he could not work. Not that he hadn't enjoyed the days spent at the old school; on the contrary he was having

the best time of his life; but his father had decided that it was about time for him to settle down and study. After he had received these orders from his father he had endeavored to work for a few days, but the habit of taking life easy was too great and almost before he knew it he had flunked three exams in succession. Then followed a warning from his parents: "If you fail in another exam, pack up and come home immediately."

The crisis had come. It was now half-past two, and at three he would have an exam in Greek. At last he gave up even trying to study, and putting his feet upon his desk he lazily watched some fellows in the yard below playing ball.

"It's no use," he muttered; "I wouldn't learn a single thing about that stuff if I studied the rest of my life. I might cut, though. No, that's worse. What a fool I was to run up those nine demerits at the beginning of the term."

Suddenly the door was thrown open and his roommate, Frank Leyton, walked in. Neither spoke as the latter threw himself into a chair.

At last Frank broke the silence by saying, "You'd better get to work on that Greek."

"I can't study," was the reply. "You know as well as I do that nothing can keep me from flunking."

Then for a few minutes there was silence. "Shorty" glanced at his watch and murmured, "Half after." Suddenly he jumped out of his chair. "I have it," he almost yelled, "Why didn't I think of that before?"

"Well!" said his roommate, rather startled by this; "what fool thing are you going to do now?"

"The old man always leaves his key in the door of the recitation room. I can't pass the subject, for I haven't opened a book this year. I need at least two days for preparation and today is Friday. The class



doesn't come again till next Monday and there is no other room where we can hold the exam."

A moment later the two fellows were on their way to the Academy building. Sure enough there was the key in the door all ready for them.

"Go outside of that window in the back of the room and wait for me," said "Shorty."

The other did as directed, and a few minutes later helped his roommate down from the window.

At three o'clock both returned to the building to take the exam. There were several fellows there before them waiting outside the door with their books in their hands. Now and then one would look through his text book as if to refresh his memory, but most of them were discussing the fact that the door was locked, a thing which had never before been heard of. At last the instructor appeared. He walked up to the door as if to go in, but it was locked. He pulled a bunch of keys out of his pocket and tried each one, but none of them fitted. The fellows began to smile now, for they saw that some one had been playing a trick on the teacher, but no one knew who it was. Suddenly the teacher turned on the class.

"We will hold the recitation at four o'clock, then I think we will either find the key or some room where the door is not locked," he said.

It was a sullen lot of fellows that filed out of the building then, and it was a sullen lot that came back at four o'clock, but they were all there nevertheless. That night "Shorty" sat in his room for the last time. His trunk, all packed, stood in one corner. He was thinking sadly of the pleasant days he had spent at Phillips and of his friends. Could it be that he really was going away?

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. "Shorty" stirred uneasily in his chair, then rubbed his eyes. Could it be that he was not going after all, that he had

been asleep? He certainly was hardly awake yet. Where was he? There was another knock and he woke up to the fact that he was no longer "Shorty" ——— P. A. '74, but John ———, Esq., attorney-at law.

"I wonder if some one did knock," he said.

At that moment the door swung open and in came a tall, well built young man about nineteen years old. Somehow or other he gave one the impression that he looked like the old "Shorty," P. A. '74.

"Well, father," said the young fellow in rather a hesitating way, "here I am."

His father looked at him sternly for a minute, then said, "Well, sir, I suppose you flunked that last exam, and that is why you have come back?"

The son nodded. Suddenly the father's face softened, for that dream had recalled his own days at Andover. He arose and laid his hand on his boy's shoulder.

"Sit down," he said kindly.

Then he told his son about his pranks at old Phillips, but he did not relate the dream. Next day "Shorty" ———, Jr., '00, returned to Andover.

*Walter Richardson, '04.*



#### EXAMS.

I passed my French, in Greek I was  
A "shark," so I was told;  
Geometry had no fears, because  
I knew I had it cold.  
My Latin I would surely pass,  
And Chem, so it would seem.  
The alarm went off and I, alas  
Found it only a dream.

*C. B., '05*

## Editorials.

We wish to express to Dr. Peabody our deep appreciation of his kindness in giving an office to the *Mirror* in the Archaeology Building, and to thank him for providing the furniture for this room. We hope to establish our head-quarters there before this number of the *Mirror* comes from the press, and hereafter any contributions may be left at this room. One member of the board will be there from two to four o'clock every Monday afternoon at least, until further announcement is made, and if any of the heelers wish for any information or advice, they can obtain it at that time. We shall be glad to see them, however, at any convenient time or place as some will undoubtedly be unable to make arrangements to see us at these hours.

Again comes up the subject of the class baseball game. Last year, owing to some midnight disturbances on the campus the night before the game, the Faculty refused to allow the two teams to play. What will happen this year remains to be seen, but we sincerely hope that all will run off smoothly. The class spirit which it arouses is altogether desirable, and furthermore it brings out material for the first team. We believe, however, that the greatest good is derived from the rushes in which all the fellows of the school may join. So many fellows never join in any real good, healthy, outdoor competition, that something like this rushing is needed to show what they can do. Perhaps two of them will go off in a corner by themselves and have a quiet little pass with a ball, but that is not enough. Some fellows find it necessary to let off a little of their good spirits once in a while, and begin a *rough-house*, but this is not a good way. No one can deny that the house is not the place for this, and there seems to be no inclination on the part of the fellows to engage in one out of doors.

A *rough house* usually brings the wrath of the landlady down upon the fellows' heads and is usually stopped before it is even well begun. Besides this the fellow in whose room it takes place hardly enjoys having things turned topsy-turvy. We do not for a minute suppose that this one afternoon of rushing will give the fellows enough exercise for the rest of the year; much less do we advocate more than one class game a year. On the contrary, we think that more than one would make it rather tiresome, while as it now is the manly qualities in each fellow are brought out.

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of G. D. Kittredge, '04, as assistant business manager, and of W. M. Ford, '04, to the board of editors.



#### HER SMILE.

She smiled, a roguish, elfish smile,  
Which, chasing care from off my face,  
Bade me take courage to myself  
And try once more to win her grace.

I courage took, again resolved  
To win her love, at least, to try,  
When yonder glass my heart betrayed,—  
She smiled, because I wore no tie.

—*Wesley Lit.*

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”  
“Collecting souvenirs,” she said;  
“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”  
“My fad’s not spoons, kind sir,” she said.

—*Wakefield Debater.*

There was a young man in a wagon,  
Who took pull after pull at a flagon;  
When the flagon had flagged,  
He was thoroughly jagged,  
And the horse had turned into a dragon.

—*Boston Tech.*



## Book Reviews.

THE PIT, by the late Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

In "The Pit" we have the second book of the Trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat which Mr. Norris planned to write. The first, "The Octopus," deals with a war between the wheat growers and the railroad trust and is a story of California, while the third, "The Wolf," which, because of the untimely death of Mr. Norris was never even begun, was to tell about the relief of a famine in Europe. "The Pit" is the story of a great corner in wheat by a man called Curtis Jadwin, who for some time controls the market in the Chicago wheat pit and so of the whole world. Though he is ultimately defeated and ruined, the story ends in a very satisfactory way. This we believe is one of the finest characteristics of the novel. The author has avoided the usual ending of stories where the hero is at last triumphant over all his enemies, yet there is enough of sweet to counteract the bitter. He accomplishes this partly by his wonderful power of depicting character. Each one is a study by itself and with all this they are true to life. We see just such men and women every day. None of his characters are faultless, and here he shows his wisdom in drawing away from the well worn path where the hero and heroine are perfection itself. When he takes you to the pit you forget to read and instead you live. Live men in a great and busy world move around you. You feel the excitement, nay more—the intoxication of the speculator. You fight by the side of the Great Bull in his struggle for life and with him you sink in defeat. The love story which is woven in, while rather good in comparison with the usual love story of the modern novel, rather weakens the book as a whole. Nevertheless we are sincere in saying that never has any American author written a novel of greater strength and interest.

THE CAPTAIN, by Churchill Williams. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, \$1.50.

The main interest of this novel lies in the fact that "The Captain" is General Grant. Mr. Williams gives us an excellent history of this wonderful man. Many people, we believe, have never understood Grant, but after reading this story we feel that no one can fail to admire and love this great, open-hearted man. This novel, so far as we are able to discover, is historically correct and therefore of double value, for a person will learn twice as much history when it is given in story form, be it good, bad or indifferent. The harmful part of such novels lies in the fact that the history it tells you is in most cases not true. When a story *is* good and the historical points correct we can give it nothing but praise. Let us then say that "The Captain" is one of the best historical novels that has come to our hands in a long time.

ROLLICKING RHYMES OF OLD AND NEW TIMES, by N. W. Bingham; illustrated by J. A. Jameson. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, publishers, Boston and New York.

## Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

Trustee—Joseph Samuel Ropes, for more than twenty years a trustee of Phillips Academy, died at Norwich, Conn., March 14, 1903, in his 86th year. Mr. Ropes was conversant with the Russian language through a residence in St. Petersburg, and was a genial and gifted man.

'38—Died at Hyde Park, February 26, 1903, Rev. Isaac Julian Burgess. He was born in Batavia, Java, January 4, 1820. He spent his childhood in Bristol, England, graduated from Brown University in 1842, and was pastor for forty years in New England parishes. In 1885 he retired from the ministry and lived at East Dedham and lately at Hyde Park.

'45—The Rev. Edwin Augustus Buck died of pneumonia in Fall River, March 9, 1903. He graduated from Yale in 1849 and then studied at Andover Theological Seminary and later at Bangor, Me. For six years he was a pastor in Maine and for eight years in Rhode Island. Mr. Buck went to Fall River in 1867 and became church missionary of the Central Congregational church and held that position until his death. He started the Boys' Club and was its first and only president. M. C. D. Borden, P. A. '60, for whom our gymnasium is named, gave a hundred thousand dollar home for this club.

'48—Rev. James Thomas Ford, who was born in North Abington, September 13, 1827, died in Los Angeles, Cal., April 14, 1902. He graduated from Williams in 1851. His ministerial work was in Vermont, in South Carolina and in California. For sixteen years he was superintendent for Southern California of the Home Missionary Society.

'50—Robert C. Winthrop has recently given the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the *Bowdoin Coverlet*, brought from France by the first Huguenot refugee of the Bowdoin family, and a suit worn by the Hon. James Bowdoin at the court of Napoleon.

'52—Ralph Partridge Emilius Thacher died July 8, 1902. He was descended from Rev. Thomas Thacher, first minister of the Old South Church in Boston, was a graduate of the Yale Law School in 1855 and of the Harvard Divinity School in 1871.

'54—David Smith has been made Rear Admiral of the United States Navy. Born at Forfarshire, Scotland, he received his education at Phillips and at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. He was at the bombardment of Fort Sumter on board the flagship Pocahontas, served during the Civil War, was then connected with the Bureau of Steam Engineering, later with the Washington Navy Yard. Mr. Smith prepared a system of ventilation by means of exhaust fans which is now in use in the navy of the United States. He rose to be chief engineer and served in the Spanish war.

'57—Francis William Lawrence, eldest son of Dr. William R. and Susan C. D. Lawrence, was born in Brookline, November 20, 1839. He was a grandson of Amos Lawrence, United States Minister to England. He was a member of the class of 1861 at Harvard, one of the original members of the Apollo Club, president of the Brookline Gas Light Co., director of the Ipswich mills and of the Merrimac Chemical Co., president of the Boston Dispensary and had been chairman of the board of selectmen of Brookline. He died in his native place March 10, 1903.

'64—William A. Linn has written "Horace Greeley," which D. Appleton & Co., publish.

'70—A book descriptive of Millet, Corot, Rosseau and Barye, entitled "Barbizon Days," has been written by Charles Sprague Smith.

'79—Rev. David P. Hatch has gone to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Franklin, N. H.

'81—Walter Atherton is architect for the new public library of the town of Stoughton.

'91—Edgar Stirling Auchincloss and Miss Catherine Sanford Agnew were married in New York City, April 14, 1903.

'91—Robert L. Barrett is an associate in geography of the Harvard University Museum.

'91—Rev. George G. Bartlett is rector of St. Paul's Memorial church, Overbrook, in the city of Philadelphia, Pa.

'92—Miss Christina Miller Higgins was married at Thompsonville, Conn., February 18, 1903, to George Sutherland McLaren of New Haven, Conn.

'94—Leland E. Bristol is a lawyer in Columbia, Mo.

'94—J. Judson Hazen represents the New York Life Insurance Co. in Chicago, Ill.

'94—Everett L. Millard is junior partner in the law firm of Millard, Abbey & Millard, 100 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

'95—Married at Davenport, Iowa, April 7, 1903, Charles Grillk and Miss Marion Elizabeth Mason.

'97—Robert Jewett Farwell took his own life by shooting himself in the right temple April 5, 1903, at Rockland, Me. He was a member of the class of 1900 at Bowdoin.

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